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Flamingo Vol. II N 1

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Denison University

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Authors

R.D. Borington, Edward Schmitz, Kilburn Holt, Wentworth McKee Potter, Clyde Keeler, Margaret Elizabeth Speicher, and Grace Williams

6 Nos. (complete)

FLAMINGO



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To Denison Students--

Through this, the first fall edition of "The Flamingo" I wish to greet you all and say that during the coming months **The Opera House** here will offer the latest in good, clean movies. **The Alhambra** at Newark offers the best in fleeting photoplays and the

AUDITORIUM

with "movies" and road shows, some of which mention is made: "Irene" Oct. 29th, "Take It from Me" Oct. 31st, "East Is West" Nov. 5th, "Neil O'Brien's Minstrels" Nov. 7th, "Pitter Patter," "Greenwich Follies of 1920," Alice Brady in Person, "The Bat," "Al G. Field's Minstrels," the great Shakespearian actor Fritz Lieber, Frank Tenny in "Tickle Me," "The Old Homestead," "Aphrodite," "Hill's Minstrels" and others.

If there is any "Movie" that you would like to have me bring to Granville I shall be glad to hear from you. Assuring you your patronage is appreciated. I am,

Yours for clean amusement,

Geo. M. Fenberg.

Post—"So you saw the whole Johnson family? How does the epileptic daughter look?"

Parker—"Very fit."—Judge.

She—"You've been drinking whiskey."
Amateur Distiller—"Thank you!"—Siren.

Kind Chauffeur—"You're working under a mistaken idea."

Irate Auto-owner—"Don't tease me about my Ford."—Purple Cow.

THE FLAMINGO

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H. E. Lamson

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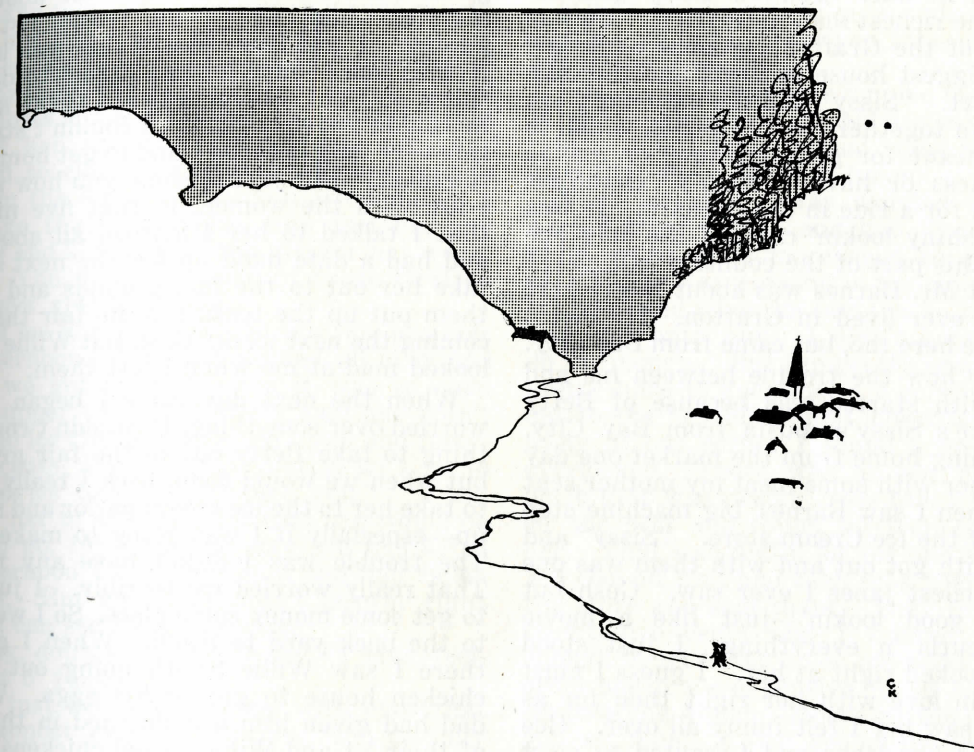
Drugs and
Books



Denison Customs We Don't Want Revived



How's this as a copy of a tin type showing extra-curricular activities of fifty years ago? The Old Boys did calisthenics with an ax, then carried the product of their toil up three flights of stairs to the stoves in their rooms. That was a time before the advent of the luxurious warmth of steam-heated rooms, a stage in the evolutionary process, by the way, which has not yet been reached.



DEACON FROWZY'S SON

By R. D. Borington, Ex-'22.

I suppose being's how I'm a Deacon's son was one of the main reasons why I took to goin' to pool halls. You see if a Deacon's son should smoke cigarettes on the street or stand and talk with the fellows on the street corners, why more than likely there'd be trouble. Some other Deacon or some church member would see him and then the news would spread all around, and the gossipy old ladies would begin to talk about Deacon Frowsy's son and how "He aint no credit to his father," and then one would feel it her duty to tell the "Deac'n," and then the "Deac'n" would say something about "Spare the rod and spoil the child" and how "This hurts me more than it does you." But darned if I ever believed that, although I used to hope so when he hurt me especially bad, which was most every time.

So you see it aint no wonder that Deacons' sons take to pool halls. If there's one place where a Deacon's or Minister's son is safe, it's in a pool room or a saloon. Of course, it's hard gettin' in without bein' seen, but once he's there he's safe. And that's where you'll generally find 'em.

Our minister lived right next door to us. There was a board fence between our two lots with a gate in it so's my dad could get over to the minister's right away when he wanted to talk about church matters or raising chickens or such like. My dad thought an awful lot of the minister and the gate was generally open and swung back on the minister's side of the fence showin' how my dad bust through and forgot to close it again.

Our family sure was good friends with the minister's family—all but me. I didn't like the minister's kid. He being the only kid in their family, and I being the only one in ours. He was too good—always had his Sunday School lesson, always readin' big books which I know he couldn't understand, always stood high in his classes at school, always had his hair slicked down just so, and was considered both the nicest and the smartest kid in town. All the old ladies used to rave about him and my mother was always tellin' me about "William Smith"—she called him "William"—can you imagine that—and kind o' holdin' him up for an example for me to be like. But, as I said before, I never could see him. He didn't

belong to my "gang," and he never went with any fellows except "Sissy" Barnes, who was worse than he was. You see "Sissy" Barnes' dad was the richest man in Grafton. He was president of the Grafton National Bank and had the biggest house in town, and the only tennis court. "Sissy" and the minister's son was always together playin' tennis, which is a game meant for girls anyhow, or maybe playin' chess or havin' "Sissy's" chauffeur take them for a ride in the Packard. It was an awful shiny lookin' car and the only one like it in this part of the country. Oh yes, I guess that Mr. Barnes was about the richest man that ever lived in Grafton. He didn't always live here tho, but came from Bay City.

You see how the trouble between me and Willie Smith started was because of Betty Sims. She's Sissy's cousin from Bay City. I was coming home from the market one day last summer with some meat my mother sent me for when I saw Barnes' big machine stop in front of the Ice Cream store. "Sissy" and Willie Smith got out and with them was one of the swellest janes I ever saw. Gosh but she was good lookin'—just like a movie actress—curls 'n everything. I just stood still and looked right at her. I guess I must o' fallen in love with her right then for as soon as I saw her I felt funny all over. Gee but I liked her looks and I wanted to meet her, so I blows up to "Sissy" and says, "Hello, Harry, how's the old boy?" You see Harry is his real name. I guess I must o' scared him for he looked startled and kind o' blinked and says,

"What old boy?"

"Why yourself, who do you suppose?" I says almost afraid he was trying to act snippy.

"Me? Oh! I'm all right," he says, lookin' relieved when he sees I wasn't going to hurt him. "How's yourself?"

"I'm fine," I says. "Say, why don't you come around any more?"

"Around?" says "Sissy" looking surprised. "Around, why, what do you mean?"

"Oh, you know," I says, "Around with the fellows."

"Sissy" just looked at me for a minute as if I was crazy. At last he says, "Why you see I've been too busy getting ready for my cousin Betty from Bay City."

"Oh," says I, pretending I hadn't seen her before, "Pleased to meet you."

I smiled at her and she smiled at me. Gosh but she sure was pretty. The way that she looked at me out of those eyes of hers was enough to make anybody fall, and believe me I sure did.

"So you're from Bay City," I says. "Do you know my uncle John Richardson that lives up there?"

Well, she didn't know him but that was enough to get conversation started, and I guess I must o' talked to her for about five minutes while "Sissy" and Willie just stood gaping. I could see that Willie was kind o' jealous but I knew he was afraid to do anything, so I got around between them, so that he couldn't even see her. I couldn't stay and talk very long because I had to get home with the meat. But just to show you how speedy I am with the women, in that five minutes that I talked to her I learned all about her and had a date fixed up for the next day to take her out to the fair grounds and watch them put up the tents for the fair that was coming the next week. Gosh but Willie Smith looked mad at me when I left them.

When the next day came I began to get worried over something. It wouldn't cost anything to take Betty out to the fair grounds, but when we would come back I really ought to take her to the ice cream parlor and set her up—especially if I was going to make a hit. The trouble was I didn't have any money. That really worried me terribly. I just had to get some money some place. So I went out to the back yard to think. When I got out there I saw Willie Smith going out to his chicken house to gather his eggs. Willie's dad had given him a little shed in the back of their lot and Willie raised chickens there. I guess he had about a hundred and used to make three or four dollars a week profit. You know seeing him go out there give me an idea. I slipped into the house, got a basket, swiped some eggs, took them down town and sold them to the store where my Ma does her marketing. I got forty-eight cents, which was more than enough to set Betty up to even a banana split. So you see I was feelin' pretty good.

I went around that afternoon and got Betty and we started out for the fair grounds which was clear t'other side of town. Gee you ought o' seen the way she was togged out. She had her hair all curled and tied up in a pretty blue ribbon. Her dress was of soft blue stuff that kind o' fluffed around her and she had on sox and sandals and carried a little pink parasol. Gosh but she was classy—looked just like big city stuff to me. I was mighty proud too. Every fellow we passed just stared at me as if to say, "How come John Frowsy gets next to such a swell jane."

Well, we started out West Main Street and I showed her the house where old "Freddy" lives; the crazy guy that collects moths and butterflies. My, but she seemed awfully interested. She just listened to every word I said. And gosh, if they speak of people hanging on to every word when they seem interested, she just about chinned herself on my words. That made me like her all the

more. None of the girls around Grafton pay any attention when you talk. They want to do all the talkin' themselves or maybe giggle. Golly but they make me sick.

When we passed the old haunted house at the forks of the road. I told her all about the ghosts and everything. Do you know that scared her and she grabbed my arm and walked so close to me that I almost had to walk in the ditch. I tell you a feller likes a girl like that. It makes him feel big and strong and kind o' pity the girl for her weakness. You don't see none of those Grafton tom-boys gettin' scared.

Well we never got out to the fair grounds all afternoon. We just walked all over and when we got back to town it was so darn near supper time that Betty said she didn't want no ice cream. So since I still had forty-eight cents, I says, "Say, Betty, let's go to the movies tonight, I'll take you." I expected her to say right off that she would be glad to go, for from the way she had acted all afternoon I could see that she had fallen for me. But when she didn't answer right off you can see I was surprised.

"Why, don't you want to go?" I says, feelin' sort o' funny.

She just looked up at me with eyes that were almost cryin' and says, "I'm awfully sorry, Johnny, but I promised to go with Willie Smith."

She didn't say so but I could see from the way she acted that she'd 'a rather have gone with me, so I says, "Oh that don't make no difference, c'm'on with me anyhow."

But she wouldn't do it. Gosh but I got mad quick. I just turned and left without sayin' a word. I went down to the pool hall and put my money in a slot machine and didn't win a thing. And believe me, that didn't help things either.

When I got home Pa and Ma was about half way thru supper. Pa asked me why I was late and I told him I'd been helpin' "widder" Jones carry in her wood. That made Pa smile proudly and say, "A noble act, my son, I'm proud of you."

Well, pretty soon the telephone rang and I got up to answer it. "Hello," a voice says, "Is Mr. John Frowsy there?"

You know that's my name all right, but I'd never been called "Mr. John Frowsy" before. I almost choaked before I was able to say, "'s him speakin'."

"Oh!" says the voice. "This is Betty." Your voice sounded so much like a man's that I didn't recognize it over the phone.

"Say," she goes on, "You aren't mad, are you?"

Now if there's anything a feller hates to have a girl find out, it's the fact that he's mad because of her. It's bad business, too,

because they'll take advantage of it. So I says, "No, I aint mad. Why?"

"Oh!" she says, "I'm so glad. I was afraid you were. Will you take me walking again tomorrow?"

Well I guess that didn't make me feel pretty good. Of course, I said I would and was pretty sure I had guessed right when I figured that she had fallen for me.

Next morning I was worried again. I needed more money and had figured that I could swipe some more eggs to sell. But darn Pa, he was working in the chicken house till noon and when he came in he brought all the eggs with him. I didn't know what to do for money. But I'm pretty smart and it's pretty hard to keep me in a corner. I went out to the hen house and looked around and away in one corner I found a nest Pa had overlooked. There was an old hen settin' on it that was pretty cross but I pulled her off the nest and found thirteen eggs under her. That's an awful lot for one hen. I let 'em cool off first and then took them down to the store and sold them. They brought me twenty-five cents and I figured that was enough to set Betty up on provided she didn't order one of the expensive dishes and I didn't suppose she would. Most Grafton girls when you set them up just get an ice cream cone. So I felt pretty good again.

After I sold the eggs I went and got Betty again. I just fell so much in love with her that it made me sick. Did you ever get that way from fallin' in love—just feel sick all over? Well, that's how much in love I was.

Pretty soon I suggested we go up to the ice cream store and get some ice cream. Bettie said she'd just love to because it was so hot.

When we got to the store there was a few fellows inside and Willie Smith. I didn't even look at him and we went and sat down in the corner at a little table.

Pretty soon the girl comes back to wait on us. When she asks me what we want, Betty looks at me and smiles and then looks down kind o' bashful like and says, "A Honey Boy Special."

I nearly jumped out of my chair when she says that. A Honey Boy Special costs thirty-five cents and all I had was twenty-five. If I'd a had the money I'd a been more than glad to pay for it because she was so sweet when she says it. But as it was I didn't have enough money. So I says kind o' scared like, "Aw they aint no good."

"Aint they?" Betty says lookin' at the girl.

But that darn fool girl didn't understand at all and says:

(Continued on page 26.)

CYNIC

I bear the cynic's baneful name,
And share his calumny and shame
Because I dare to think untrue
The "sacred truths," and since I do
Not bind myself with narrow creeds,
Or follow ruts where dogma leads.

Because I shun what science holds
Is false, or sieze what truth unfolds;
And since I see but naught in rites
Or liturgies, this then indicts,
And I sit in scorn before the wise,
And am a cynic in their eyes.

The negative that I deny;
My punishment for asking "Why?";
Is charged to my account; but none
Have asked what I do not shun,
And none have seen what lies within—
They charge me with the cynic's sin.
—G. W. B.

LES HOMMES MYSTERIEUX

Who knows from what secluded corners
May come the lore of future years—
And pray who knows but what the mourners
Themselves are laughing through their
tears?

Strange it is—this two-fold world of ours!
Surely it is not what it seems,
For those who sow weeds, they too plant
flow'rs,
And things which seem most real are
dreams.

Ah, mortal men! hypocrites ye are!
The things of God ye lay aside:
The works of yourselves ye carry far,
And then ye gloat in earthly pride.

Yet, if all the forces in jubilee
To crush a man together rush'd,
The man still would much the greater be
Because he'd know that he is crushed.

OCTOBER

Because His World works hard all year
The harvest is God's pay-day;
September views the task complete
And fall is Nature's play-day.

With merry heart and lavish hand
October spills her treasure,
For why should the Ocean tell her waves
Or Day his sunshine measure?

The dancing leaves, no more sedate,
That frolic by the billion,
Now boldly kissed by wanton frosts
And seen to blush vermillion.

Dame Autumn's alchemy transmutes
The summer's green to gold.
Did Croesus count his darics out?
Will Fall her wealth withhold?

Because the World works hard all year,
And well deserves a play-day,
The fall is Nature's carnival;
The harvest is God's pay-day.
—K. K. H.

PETITION

No longer let me live when I am old
Than I can toil.
And let me when I'm as a tale that's told,
Throw off this coil
Which age makes impotent, nor passes by.
My work's my wealth;
Then may I toil until at last I die,
Whate'er my health.
What pleasure may there be when years
grow late,
If, enfeebled, I must sit and stare, and wait?
—G. W. B.

A LINE-A-DAY BOOK FOR CO-EDS
By Our Society Editor

(A complete compendium of snappy phrases and clever retorts which, if properly assimilated and rightly used will assure any member of the refined sex entree into the foremost college circles and will moreover secure for her the rep of being absolutely up on her stuff.)

Come out of the fog!—A blase little command, intended to be administered to a companion whose intuition seems a bit faulty. Always appropriate when said companion appears at all absent minded or attempts to fall back on obscure topics of conversation.

Aint that hectic?—A remarkably clever touch which will give the user a name for having an awe-inspiring vocabulary at her command. This catchy little query adds a descriptive touch to an otherwise flat line which cannot be equaled by any other three words in the language.

Where do you get that stuff?—A world-beater in administering the squelch. In pulling this one off the best results will be obtained if the speaker registers refined disgust and enunciates the sentence with a fine scorn dripping from each word. If the word *get* is properly accented it is positively unbelievably effective.

Don't take any wooden nickles!—A side-splitting little farewell which is incredibly droll if properly used. The impression given by this phrase is distinctly in harmony with the American idea—"In God we trust—all others cash." If the purpose is to create a more continental atmosphere "**pip-pip**" or "**Aw reservoir**" are doubtless more comic.

Aint we got fun!—This is one of the most original bits of co-ed philosophy which has come to our attention. When properly delivered (with a roguish smile thruout and an ingenuous laugh at its conclusion) it is an observation which is exquisitely subtle, and subtly is always apropos.

I'll bite!—A peppy retort designed to afford relief when confronted with a knotty question. This permits absolutely no come-back, and the user may feel altogether safe in utilizing its but thinly veiled sarcasm on any occasion whatsoever.



"What's about you, lovely maid,
That captivates me so?
'Tis not your hair—your eyes—your smile—
In truth, I do not know."

"If there is aught," she sweetly said,
"What shall my answer be?"
Then whispered as she tripped away,
"Perhaps my modesty." —W. D. P.

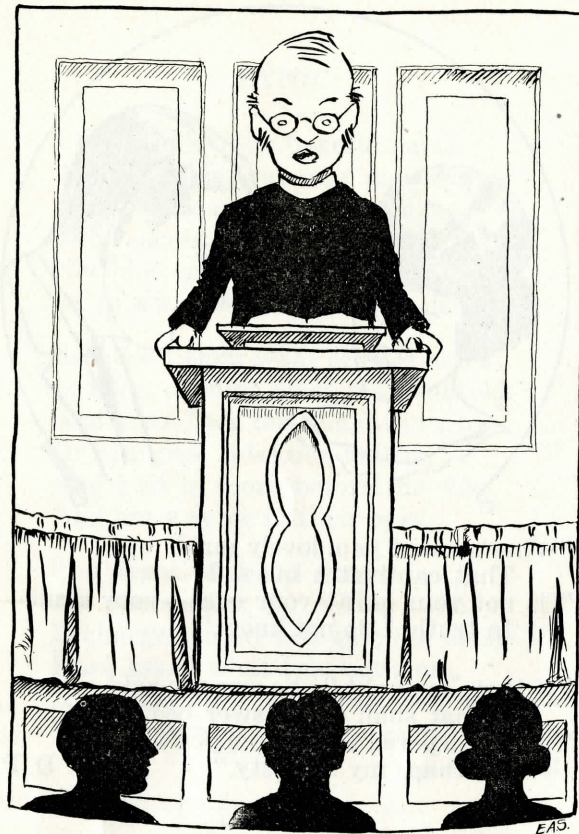
SSS
"What kind of a bird did Noah send out
from the ark?"
"A weathercock, I suppose."



Jack—"The referee penalized three of our men for holding."
Jill—"You'd never advance much at that game would you?"

"Why is Bill's father so prejudiced against co-educational colleges?"
"It's like this:—Bill met a girl at one last year and he's been around 'er ever since."

Versification 1—"My love's virtues are unparalleled."
Math 1—"She must have some curves."



Chapel Orator—"Ladies and gentlemen, the scriptures tell us that riches are a curse."
Hardfrosh—"Well, I'll be damned."

Dr. L. (in Education I)—"Now let's all get a well rounded angle of this viewpoint."

Dr. Mc—"The stage is but in its infancy."
Lyric Patron (in the rear)—"Yea, but the chorus isn't."

At a ball, a young man from St John
Wildly gasped, "My suspender St. Ohn!"
But his partner replied
In a nervous 'aside,'
"Don't worry, your trouser St. Gohn!"

He (recounting summer's experiences)—
"Yep. When selling books this summer I
got two orders in one house."

She—"Really?"

He—"Uh huh—'Get out' and 'Stay out.'"

CROONING OF A JAPANESE SANDMAN

Dearie Rosie:

Wierdishly downcast are I. Hon. Student Gov. insists I inscribe patrynomic on hon. cap. As I exitate from shrine, a Soapmore gestulate with eyes at cap, and gicle koo-koo-ishly.

"Marriage licenses in Newark," he funny saddishly, and roll humoresquely on hon. grass.

Seven,000 foots of ribbon for Homecoming, not subtracting movie film. Which are college life. Our Jap-letter frat march in Hon. body, splendificating parade with quaint Jap yells. Fine they were, but mine was 10 dollars. Funnies language!

Homecoming are 2 Frolics, one P. M. and one Midnight. Your diminutive Jap frolicked with neck on all yells, but Butler dittoed for 3 hon. touch-downs.

Which are fierce!!

Which are ———!!

Midnight Frolic (nearly) are extensive to ten-thirty, being frolicsome, all athletes win letter with eats.

Must toddle now to discover old raiment for Hon. Scrapday.

Sinswearly,

Umari Mee.

—W. M. Potter, '23.

GEOGRAPHICAL INFLUENCE

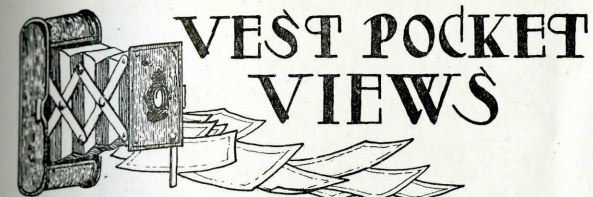
Many West Virginia towns have no transportation facilities, but privileged characters may leave by rail.

Some time ago at a meeting of a club consisting of the great literary celebrities of England, held at London, a discussion was launched in regard to the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of the English language. One exponent, a devout student of words, propounded this remark:

"Has it ever occurred to you, gentlemen, that the word 'sugar' is the only word in the English language beginning with an 's' pronounced as though it were an 'sh'?"

Rudyard Kipling was seated contemplatively in the rear of the room, and the club was brought to laughter when he at that time rose to his feet, took issue with the first speaker, and dryly asked of him: "Sir, are you sure of that?"

We all know that Dayton is a dead town,
but we must admit that it's nicely laid out.



By George.

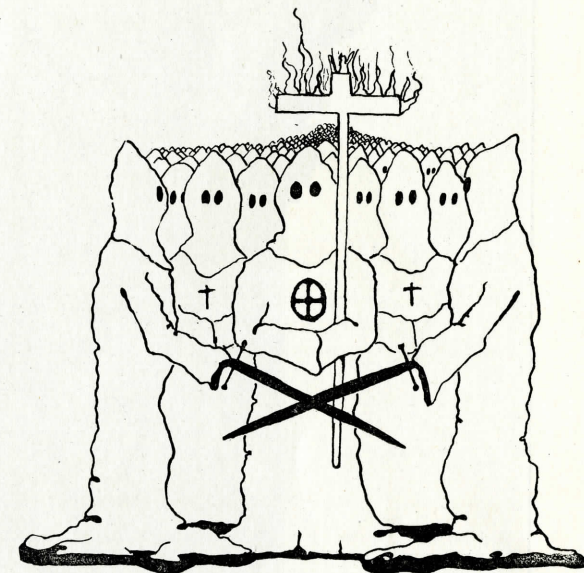
A college education is one of those delightfully indefinite and inexplicable phenomena about which anything may be said and got away with. (Lest it be overlooked, allow us to call attention to the fluent, off-hand use of the word "got"—a college education does that for one.) Most anyone will agree that a spade is a spade, no matter what else it may be called. H2O never made anything but water, and fire is generally admitted to be hot, but get two men to agree on the composition of a college education and I'll tell you how to fill a royal flush on every draw. Both are possible, but not without crooked work.

A college man is expected to acquire, in four years, a working knowledge of everything from the Planetesimal Hypothesis down to the fundamental chords on a ukelele. In from four and a half to nine months he is supposed to assimilate the intimate thoughts of every great man from Adam to Fatty Arbuckle, any given number of French verbs and chemical formulas, and a few theories, original and otherwise, on why and what is money. As a rule he does it in one night.

College, on the whole, is a habit, and an expensive one, with most paternal check-writers. When a youthful stripling gambols forth from high school surroundings his harried father gazes upon him in sad speculation. He's too young, innocent, lazy, and ignorant to work; he's too conceited to live with during the remainder of his incubation period; the natural and habitual alternative is to send him to college.

After four nightmare years of blonds, bunk, and board-bills, the youth comes forth no longer the youth who entered. In college, a man must be an irresponsible rah-rah maniac who chews Beechnut, smokes a bull-dog pipe, and bums his way blythely about the country, or he is out of character. But the college graduate, unless he can in a casual way discuss the World Series, the epics of Homer, and the modern business organization in one breath, and at the same time answer a dozen or two Edison questions on the side, is a discredit to the institution from which he comes.

OUR KU KLUX KORNER



The Grand Scribe, erstwhile member of the A. O. of Razzberry, craves permission to indict the ensuing demoniac announcements to all loyal members of the Denison Den of the Empire:

I. The Grand Demon of this Den announces that, cognizant of our numbers and the secrecy of our organization and operations, we find it practicable to insure and protect all Klan schemers and to assist them in the most hilarious nocturnal outings. We are confident that our membership is about to swell.

II. All persons who foolishly persist in suppressing said outings may be permanently abolished.

III. The new tunnel can now be used in reaching the Temple, where our big terpsichorean revel will be held soon. Beware of the guard!

IV. Applicants for membership use blank 48C, as Form 674D is exhausted by the demand.

KU KLUX NEWS

Fifty freshmen have been conducted thru the first degree, ten being permanently injured. We demand real men.

Our nicest atrocity was recently performed by B. P. G. and B. L. L. Congrats!

The Grand Caliph of the county attended the S. C. meeting. (See below.)

The Suicide Club has had a strong week; four "A" students.

—W. M. Potter, '23.

Denison's Hall of Fame



KIRTLEY F. MATHER

When Dr. Mather, Professor of Geology, looked over the registration list for his department this fall, he decided that students had the impression that his courses were "snaps." It is due, however, to his personality and to the interesting class sessions that numbers are being attracted.

Dr. Kirtley F. Mather is a real Denison product, having received the B. S. degree here in '09. He was born in Chicago, Ill., Feb. 13, 1888, and received his early education there, coming to Denison for his last two years of college work.

He was later given the degree of Ph. D. by the University of Chicago.

Dr. Mather's experience as a professor has included a three year period each in the University of Arkansas and in Queen's College, Kingston, Canada, in addition to his work in Denison.

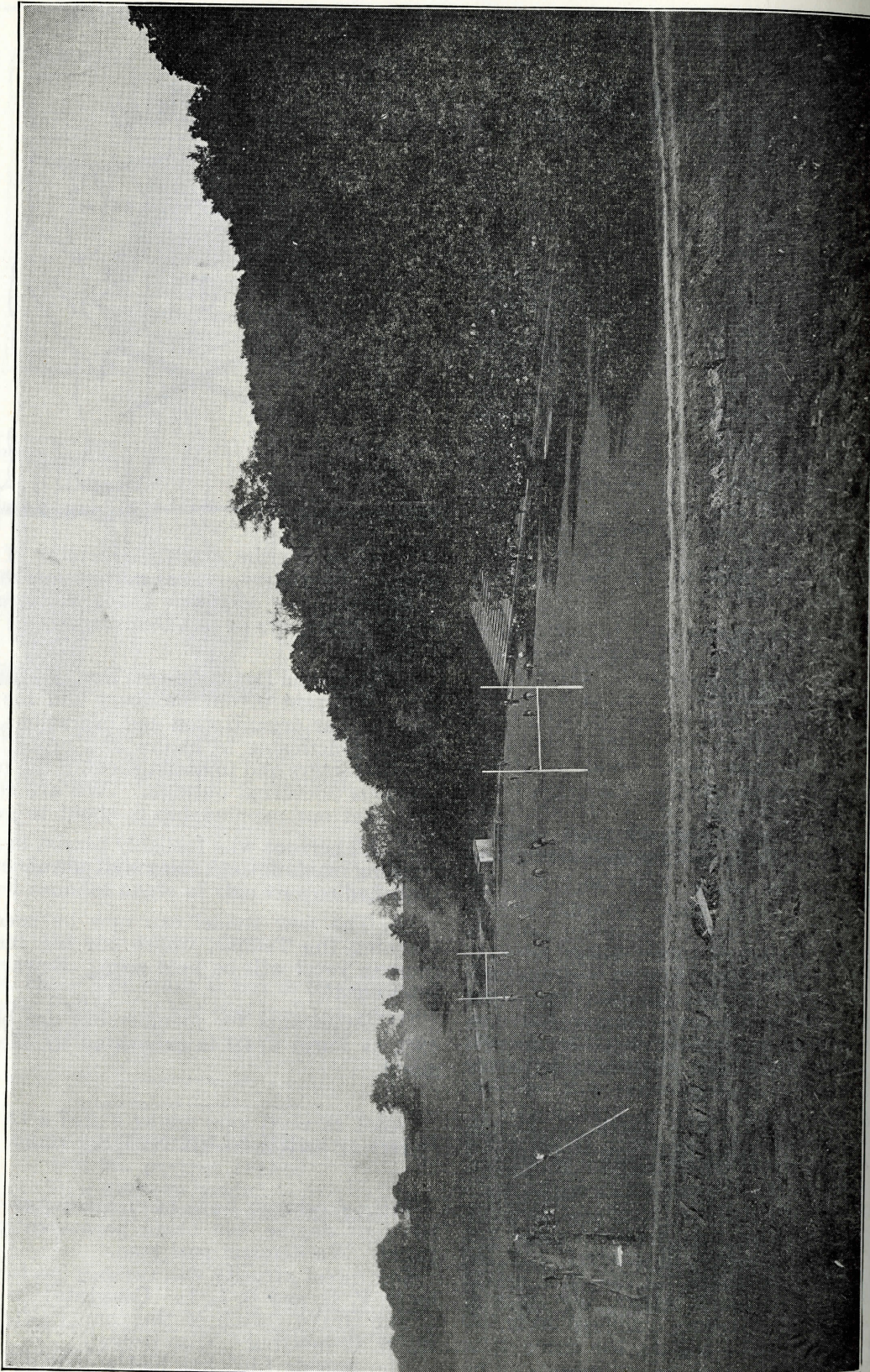
The investigation work carried on by Dr. Mather during summer vacations has added greatly to his ability as a teacher.

In 1918, he was promoted to the rank of Geologist on the Geological Survey on the U. S. Commission. The most recent undertakings of Dr. Mather have been his two five month oil surveys in South America for a Bolivian Company, where he did some valuable exploration and research as well.

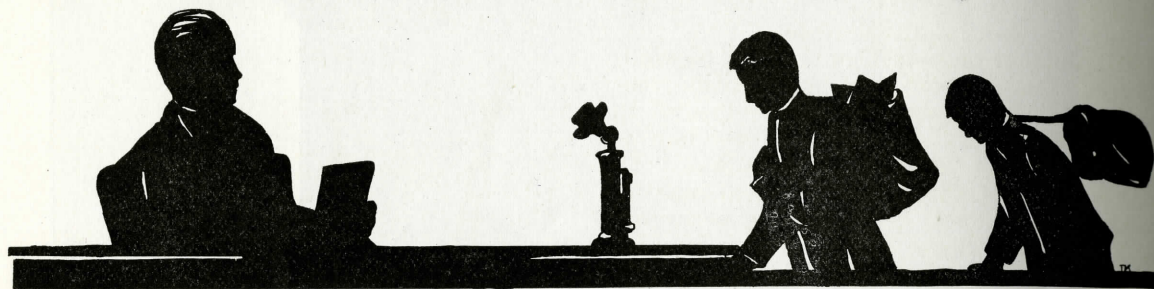
Dr. Mather is a member of A. A. A. S.; the Geological Society of America; Paleontological Society of America; Seismological Society of America; Canadian Mining Institute; and the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

Dr. Mather is an alumnus of whom Denison is justly proud; and he is serving the college and alumni in the capacity of Secretary-Treasurer of the Society of the Alumni.

DEEDS FIELD — THE FIRST KICK-OFF.



FLAMINGO



Vol. II, No. 1

Published at Denison University

October, 1921

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Two Dollars the Year.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy.

This editorial outburst might well be labeled "Tears of Gratitude" and, keeping the subject in mind, a great deal of space might be used to advantage in thanking and rethanking our student readers for their ardent support—financial and moral—in the recent drive for subscriptions.

But you'll be spared that and instead we are going to congratulate you.

Yes, congratulations are in order. If the Flamingo specialized in Captain Billy's type of humor, or literature of the Peppy Tales class, there would be little doubt as to the sort of reception a subscription campaign would receive in an average college community. In all probability there would be a waiting list—mind you we are speaking of an average college community—and our business staff would be altogether swamped with checks and currency.

We realize this, and we realize as well that the Flamingo is more or less between the devil and the W. K. deep sea—the Faculty in one role and the student body in the other. In other words our policy must be so finely drawn as to please one without tramping on the pedal extremities of the other—a Herculean task and one which causes us no little worry.

The art work must be watched that no gentlemen wearing side-burns be admitted, the jokes must be rare but not too highly seasoned, the literary work—well, there isn't much danger of that being too high class, but even then we do our level best to prevent the undergraduate reader from being bored to tears.

Until a few weeks ago the Flamingo had no way of telling whether it was getting by or not. The sales for the first four issues

showed no appreciable decrease, but there was always a feeling that we were groping in the dark, with no true light on the trend of student sentiment.

The subscription money is still coming in—not in bucketfuls by any means—but in a steady stream which should before long confirm our belief that we are really fulfilling a need here.

Now for the congratulations.

The student body of Denison has shown by its generous support and appreciation, only too rare among typical student bodies, of the efforts of the artistic, literary and legitimately humorous talent of its members. The appreciation of these less physical manifestations of student enterprise is extremely gratifying to those who feel that there is more to a college education than a ready patter on the football situation in the Conference, or the hurrah-boys-all-together type of college spirit.

Appreciation of the sort of things the Flamingo purposes to stand for always merits congratulations, and we wish to extend ours to the new subscribers at this time.



"Men of Denison, this is your day!"—and women of Denison you too have your share in the 24 hours.

Full many a time and oft have you been asked to submit contributions to the Bird—and how many of you have done so?

Perhaps you are waiting for the staff to ferret you out and tender you a personal invitation to contribute? Or are you of too modest and retiring a disposition to try to foist off your work on the long suffering public?

As our worthy contemporary has it "This is your paper" (unless you happen to be reading your roommate's) but at any rate there's no earthly reason why any of the suggested excuses should be resorted to.

Lest we wax too long-winded—the Flamingo earnestly solicits your contributions. In case you feel any particular urge toward any particular line and desire conference, interview any of the staff or the editor himself,

and you'll be received with open arms (lest this be discouraging at the outset we might state that we are addicted to the use of figurative expressions.)

In case you care not for an interview, merely place your brain-children in the Kappa Sigma box on the hill or in 568 at the Post Office.

We thank you.



It's an awful nuisance to be continually asked to support things, isn't it?

Life at Denison seems to be one endless round of pleas to support this activity and that. "Support the team," "support the Y," "support the Glee Club"—and so on down the line.

The Denison Bird has solicited your support more than once and in a number of different ways. Assuming that he does merit it the Mystic Fowl is going to advance another phrase of the support question, so incline thine eye and drink in his words of wisdom.

Our lesson of the morning concerns the advertiser—another victim of the supporting craze. It is upon this inoffensive individual that the Adytum, the directory—in fact almost every student publication, depends in large measure for financial backing.

And the Flamingo is no exception.

Our advertisers make or break us.

In justice to Denison's publications and to the advertisers as well, the Big Red Chicken asks that his student readers make no secret of the fact that they are from Denison and that they read Denison publications, ads and all, in buying goods in Granville or Newark, or from any firms patronizing student periodicals.

66 "ONCE UPON A TIME" 99 CLYDE



I.
An icy Isle
I saw to smile
Amid the Arctic
Seds.
I went ashore
But to explore—
And gee! I thought
I'd freeze.

II.
Close by the sed
With masonry
Of ice — A mammoth
thing!
There rose a dome,
The royal home
And palace of
the king.

III.
The princess fair
And only heir
Crawled out to
lift the door.
A charming Miss —
As fit to kiss
As moids of poet's
love.



IV.
"The king was out
Upon a route,
I learned, but did
not care.
For I could stay
The livelong day
To woo that princess
fair."

I stole a kiss
From that Miss,
That she those
brood eyes!
When round the door
At no what is more
Dad! let us by
surprise.

V.
"How come," says he,
"Um stern decree
Um broken now and
thus?"
(The king he could
And surely would
Just raise a royal fuss.)



At hugs and sighs
And goo-oo eyes
The princess just
said, "Lend me
that sword, please."
For king's sword
That sword, please.

VI.
"He blessed a day,
"How long you stay?"
I said, "I love
you right."
"You no um stay —
Six months more day
Without um big um
fight."

VII.
He drew his knife,
Prepared for strife
An right at me.
he flew.
The princess fair
Just stopped him there
To see what she
could do.

VIII.
He pushed her back
To clear his track
And rushed me with
a roar —
An awful fall!
And then I crawl
From corners on the
floor.



ONE STUDENT CLASSIFICATION

Phylum—Professor.
 Class—Pineapple.
 Order—Oil Can.
 Family—Foul Ball.
 Genus—Empty Pop Bottle.
 Species—Flat Tire.

YEA NEPTUNE!

A little boat
 A little breeze
 A little girl
 A little squeeze.

The best place to hold the world's fair—
 (we hate to do this)—around the waist.

Granville, O.

dere fokes:

i arived in Newark safely as you can see by looking at the post mark and was met at the trane by a swel bunch of feloes who said they were a Y. M. C. A. comitee wat ever that is and that they wer supposed to mete all the trains. Well me and this gang walked up the stret with a lot of green looking birds following us, I guess they was freshmens by their ignorunt look, and got on a bust wich took us to the collidge.

When we got their some feloes took me up a little mound wich I would call a hill if i hadnt of com from W. Va. there i got a room in the dormitory. Wile i was their in my room a cuple of guys asked me to go down to the I Omi Bills house for supper (they called it dinner). Wel i went down there and had a good mele off the bunch and then we sat around and sang songs and somebody played the pianna. After they had showed me around the house and told me all about the frat. and the feloes that wer members they asked me to wear a little button in my coat. I ast them wat it was for and they sed it ment that i was going to be a Bro. in I Omi Bills if I was good and did everything they told me.

On Wed. i registered myself and I got some Stude aid too. I dont no wat it is but some one told me to get it. I got a littel black cap with a green button on top and i half to wear it all the time. I slept in it last nite.

Well fokes i am awfull tired so i gess i will close and male this in the morning.

your son,
 Hiram



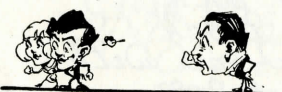
He—"I sent that girl that bathing suit for a present."

Him—"I'll bet she was surprised when she opened the envelope."

A young theologian named Fiddle
 Refused to accept his degree.
 The answer is surely no riddle,
 He was loath to be "Fiddle, D. D."

Minister—"Would you care to join us in missionary movement?"

Miss Tripper—"I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the scandal walk."



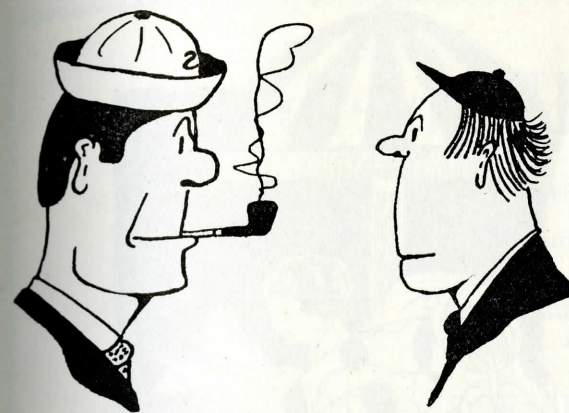
He—"Did Mable's old man invite you to call again?"

Him—"No, he dared me to."

COLLEGE SONG B. C. 56

(Tune: Aristotle Blues)

Quam aridus sum
 Quam aridus sum
 Nemo scit quam
 Aridus Sum.
 Vendidi mea sandalia
 Ut possim eere vina—
 Heu, dolor! Heu, dolor!
 Nemo scit quam
 Aridus sum!



22—"Must be annoying to have to wear that cap all the time?"

25—"Oh, it's next to nothing."

"The gustatory area has not definitely been located, but it is supposed to be situated in the hippocampal convolution just behind the olfactory area."

If you don't believe it ask any man that knows something about the price of spring putty in 1492.

"I think I'll go chamois hunting."

"Ah, to Switzerland?"

"Naw, got a date."



So—"Why are there so many unhappy marriages?"

Fist—"The best-man never wins."

It is said by some that Denison has room for another fraternity. Why not install a chapter of Ku Klux Klan?

A red nose now
 Is quite a shock,
 For people.vow
 You've got a stock.
 They label you
 A heartless pup
 Because you do
 Not loosen up.

One of Denison's philosophically minded walking-date hounds and scheming-date lovers, upon reading the following stanza from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam—

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
 To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
 Re-mould it nearer to our Heart's Desire!

—was heard to have asked himself in deep contemplation: "I wonder if Omar must not have foreseen Denison University as it now is?"

STRONGLY PREJUDICED

"Waiter, bring me a knife for the butter."

"Yes, sir."

"O, and waiter—a revolver for the cheese."
 —Punch Bowl.

A girl walked by a target range,
 The soldiers were entranced.
 In fact, she was so beautiful,
 The bullets even glanced.
 —Sun Dodger.

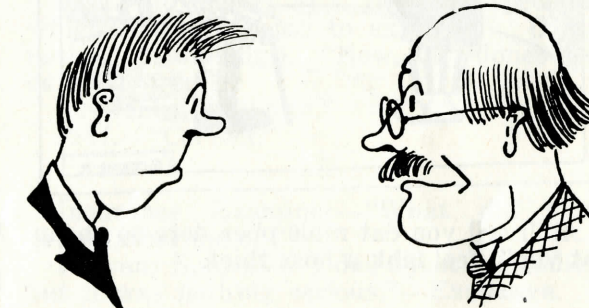
FOLLOW COPY

Editor—"Have you ever read proof?"

Frosh—"No, who wrote it?"—Jester.

"I hear you had a pretty successful banquet at your house last night?"

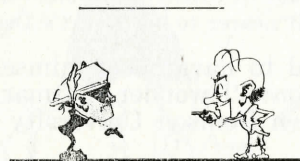
"Yeah, a couple of our alumni are revenue officers."—Lord Jeff.



Prof. (in Bible 2)—"Is there such a thing as Hell on earth?"

Soph.—"Have you ever been under orders?"

When the whole world is gloomy and dreary,
And the future looks blacker than night,
They say he who looks will find comfort in
books.
If they're speaking of bank-books—they're
right.



1st Enfant—"My sister got a pearl from an oyster."

2nd Enfant—"That's nothing; my sister got a diamond from some poor fish."

There is lots of difference between having a girl smile at you and having one laugh at you.

Felix—"That story in the Post sure is mushy, don't you think?"

Foolix—"Of course—that's why it's a serial."



Wise—"I saw Mary out with Bob last night—thought she had thrown him over."

Wiser—"She did—but you know how a girl throws."



D—"Mary's a modest little girl isn't she?"
U—"How's that?"
D—"Why she's in my Math class and she won't even do improper fractions."

PAGE MR. EDISON

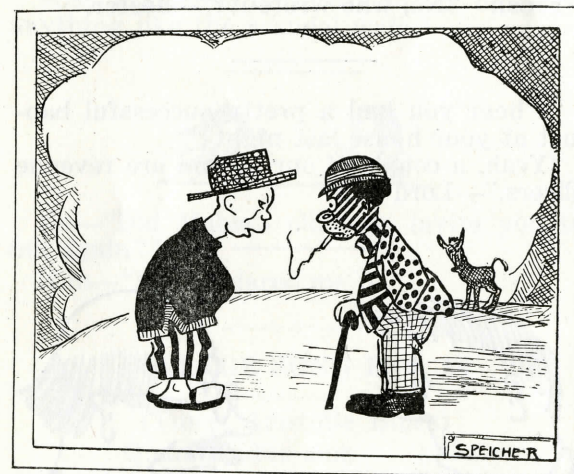
Speaking from a mathematical point of view, how can you fill a Full House?

Now listen, while I spill my plaint,
I don't mind when a girl says "aint"
But I get sore for mine will say,
"Aw say, kid, how d'ya get that way?"

Stone E2—"Going to the library this evening Ruth?"

King D2—"Can't—got too much studying to do."

I don't mind when the fellows say
They do not like some girl at all,
But what gets me is every day
Some bird exclaims, "She's some foul ball."



Ah'll sell you dat mule ober dere so cheap
dat you'll feel lahk a hoss thief.

We wonder who'll be the first to pull that
good old faithful Student Volunteer Band
wheeze in the ensuing college year.

Sardeson-Hovland Co.

SMART WEAR FOR WOMEN

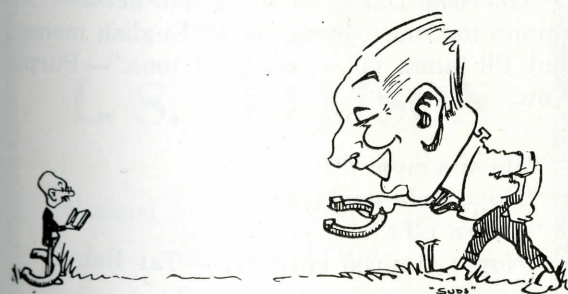
Newark, Ohio

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in

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BLOUSES — CORSETS — HOSIERY
SILK UNDERWEAR
MILLINERY

at

POPULAR PRICES
SHOP AND COMPARE



25—"Didja hear the latest? Edison is a Denison!"

22—"Where is he? I haven't seen him."

25—"Interchange the first two letters and omit the first n."

(And once more the placid waters of Beaver were polluted.)

"What would you do if I'd kiss you?"
"Oh, I'd wave my hair."

Prof. (in Geology 3)—"Here is a specimen which I want you all to examine." (Business of examining.) "Now, Mr. Jones tell us what it is."

Mr. Jones—"I'll bite."
Prof.—"Correct."

Insurance Examiner—"What did your grandfather die of?"

Nervous Subject—"I don't just remember, but it was nothing serious."—Exchange.

"If Prex doesn't take back what he told me this morning I'm going to leave school."
"What did he say?"
"Said I was fired."

"We have hot water this morning."
"Yes, the cat slept on the tank last night."
—Wag Jag.



Perfectly At Ease

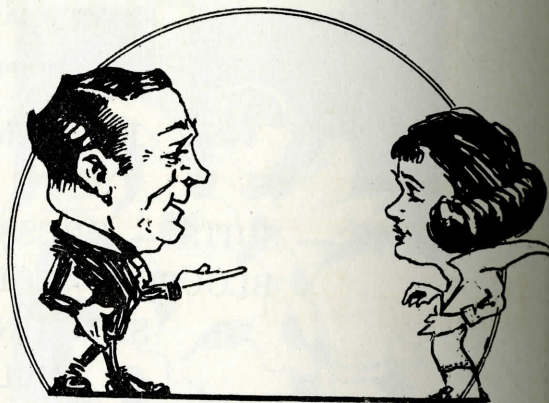
in
Clothes Like
These.
You Will Find
Them
at

**Roe
Emerson's**

Clothes
Hats
Furnishings

Corner
Third and Main,
Newark

I shot an Arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth, I know not where,
But as it had a two-inch tear,
I must admit I didn't care.
—Punch Bowl.



She—"Since I inherited that property I've
had three proposals."
He—"Oh, for the land's sake!"—Purple
Cow.

IN THE TRENCHES

English Tommy (in poker game)—"Well,
I'll wager a bally pound on this."

American Ducky (holding four aces)—"Ah
dunno too much 'bout yo' ol' English money,
but I'll bump yo' a couple of tons."—Purple
Cow.

"Have a cigar?"

"No—don't smoke now."

"Sworn off?"

"Nope; stopped entirely."—Tar Baby.

"How do you keep your cook so long?"

"We give her a wide range."—Exchange.

Othello—"Is that a Jack rose?"

Desdemona—"No, it's a Jim pansy." (And
then the pillow fight started.)—Jester.

Rufus Johnson

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Called For and Delivered

Bus for Hire Phones 8852—8759

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of



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R. E. Thomas

E. F. Reece

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and style—the way young fellows like.

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for
Rent

HERMANN
STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES
THE CLOTHIER

Dress
Suits
for
Rent

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All Branches of
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Rear Warden Hotel

PHONE 2182

"I feel relieved."

"Howzat?"

"I just came from the treasurer's office."
—Exchange.

Al—"You better get a hair cut."

Fal—"How so?"

Fa—"Well, that's cheaper than buying a
violin."—Siren.

Son—"Father, can a lamb gambol?"

Father—"Yes, my son."

Son—"Well, father, if you squeezed the
lamb's hind knee, wouldn't you be pinching
a gamboling joint?"—Widow.Quoth a student, "I like the 'Flamingo'
'Tis a fine publication, by jingo!

And its work is the sort

That deserves our support

Let's all boost, and we'll sure make
the thing go!"

He—"Are you familiar with Poe's work?"

She—"Well, I'm an artist's model."

—Voo Doo.

"What do you know about Czecho-Slavo-
kia?"

"It's hard to say."—Froth.

IT'S A LONG TURN

The Early Bird—"Whatcha turning for?"

The Turning Worm—" 'Cause you stepped
on me."The Early Bird—"Then I'll go a step fur-
ther. One good turn deserves another."

—Judge.

Daughter—"Oh, Dad, how fine you are
looking. I do think that it is so nice of
you—"Father (interrupting)—"Well, how much
do you want now?"Prices on
STETSON HATS
for FALL
averaging
25% lower
than last yearNo one questions the
taste of the chap who
sports a Stetson. Abso-
lute style in every line.Just as much a part of
the smart college outfit
as pep and enthusiasm
is a part of campus life.*Stetson Style
Stetson Quality
Stetson Money's Worth*
The same today as for
56 years assured
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*Stetson Quality Mark
in Every Hat***STETSON HATS**

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— by —

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Dye Works

Repairing

Dyeing

THE CHURCH ST. HAT SHOP

\$5.00 HATS

35 West Church Street

NEWARK, O.



Smart Set Hats Featured at \$5.00

(Continued from page 7.)
"Why of course they are. They're the very best we have."

Gosh when she said that, I didn't know what to do. I didn't dare tell Betty I didn't have enough money and Bill Burns that runs the store never lets anyone charge a thing. He's a good scout when you've got the money but mean when you haven't. I just got dizzy and couldn't even think. I don't know why, but I mumbled, "The same," and the girl went away. That made seventy cents but I knew it would be just as easy for me to pay that much as thirty-five cents.

When the girl comes back with the ice cream I says, "Wait a minute. I want to speak to Bill." I went up and told him about the fix I was in and asked him if he wouldn't charge it. I promised to be his slave for life if he would only get me out of this scrape. But Bill's mean. I thought he was goin' to hit me at first, but he didn't. He did something far worse. He opened that big mouth of his and hollered so that everyone in the store could hear, "Git outa here. What d' you think this is—a charity house? I know your tricks. I wasn't born yesterday." He was so mad he just about boiled all over. I never did see anyone get so red in the face. But believe me, I sure got out of that joint.

I stood outside and looked in. The girl was still waitin' for the money and Betty had her handkerchief up to her eyes and was crying. I suppose she must o' been crying for me. I couldn't see no other reason. Pretty soon I seen Willie Smith go over to Betty. He patted her on the back and she stopped crying. Then he gave the girl some money and ate the Honey Boy Special that was meant for me. You can imagine how mad that made me. Worse yet I could see that Betty was treating Willie just like she treated me—smiles and making eyes and listening to his talk as if he were the only one who knew how to.

(Concluded on page 29.)

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Will be Pleased

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Philadelphia Diamond Grid
Batteries

STRANGE

Absent-minded Prof.—“Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?”

Student—“No, sir, it was I. I'm repeating the course.”

Absent-minded Prof.—“Extraordinary resemblance, though. Positively extraordinary.”—Voo Doo.



Barr—“I owe a great deal to that woman on the corner.”

Rale—“Sort of guiding spirit, eh?”

Barr—“Naw; she's my landlady.”

—Sun Dial.

Judge—“My man, what are you here for?”

Bad Bold Man—“For beating my wife up.”

Judge—“What were the circumstances?”

B. B. M.—“I got up at six, and she got up at seven.”—Purple Cow.

STRAIGHT DOPE

'21—“A good deal depends on your luck in poker.”

'23—“Not at all; rather, your luck depends on a good deal.”—Jester.

Prof.—“Is Jones ill?”

Frosh—“Yes, sir.”

Prof.—“How do you know?”

Frosh—“Last night I heard some one tell him to lean over and take his medicine.”

—Banter.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
But midnight found him drinking still,
He was the lone stag of the bunch,
So while they danced he hit the punch.

—Jester.

Dr. Earl J. Russell

DENTIST

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Painless Extractions Free

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For Your Next Haircut or Shave

— GO TO —

Johnson's Barber Shop

NEXT TO ULLMAN'S DRUG STORE

HARRY BRICKELS

Billiards, Soft Drinks,

Cigars, Candy and a

Full Line of Pipes

(Continued from page 26.)

Pretty soon they got up and came out. And just as soon as Willie Smith stepped outside of the door, I pitched into him, I kicked and slugged and started off like a whirlwind. Of course I had expected Willie Smith to run off the moment I started anything. But he didn't! No sir! He just lit into me like a bear cat. In about two min-



Fine CANDIES For Every Occasion
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THE BUSY BEE

GEO. STAMAS, Prop.

Arcade

Phone 1433

Newark

utes I had a bloody nose, a loose tooth, a black eye and was already startin' home.

And when I got home, oh, gosh! Those eggs I had sold had been under a settin' hen. The storekeeper had sold them to a lady who found a chicken in every one. She had bawled him out. He bawled out Pa and Pa took care of me.

I got one licking for stealing and one for fighting. I was hardly able to sit down for a week after Pa got thru with me. But believe me—I aint got mixed up in no affair with a girl since. And I might say that Willie Smith and me's been the best friends ever since.

The End.

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ADDITIONS

Soph—"That's a bird of a new building we have."

Co-ed—"Yes, I noticed the wings."—Froth.

He—"Woman is loveliest in her thirties."

She "Thank—I mean, do you think so?"

—Purple Cow.

A MOUTHFUL

Hungry Harry—"Would yez give me a bite, lady?"

Angry Agnes—"Shure, me poor mon—as soon as I untie the dawg."—Puppet.

Waiter—"Has your order been taken?"

Waitee—"Yes, and so has Bunker Hill."

—Showme.

B—"Isn't that man queer looking; he has Pullman teeth."

V—"What do you mean by Pullman teeth?"

D—"One upper and one lower."

—Exchange.

TALKING TO 'EM

Wrathful Co-ed (during quarrel)—"You talk like an idiot!"

Blase Ed—"I have to talk so you can understand me."—Scalper.

First Prof.—"Well, how were your examinations?"

Second Prof.—"A complete success. Every body flunked."—Dirge.

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FRED MILLER

Ikey and Izzy were separating after an evening together when Ikey said, "Au revoir."

"Vat's dat?" asked Izzy.

"Dat's 'goodbye' in French."

"Vell," said Izzy, "Carbolic acid."

"Vat's dat?" asked Ikey.

"Dat's 'goodbye' in any language."

—Early Egyptian College Comic.
(Exchange.)

Dum—"You should have seen me trying to get here on time. I had to run for all I was worth."

Belle—"What did you finally get, a jitney?"—Widow.

IN THE FRENCH CLASS

Prof.—"Decline 'the sparkling champagne'."

Student—"I'm sorry, professor, but I never decline that stuff."—Jester.

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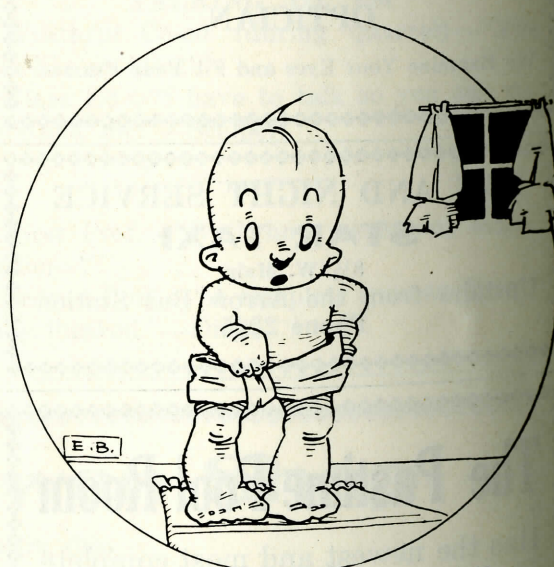
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Come in and see our **Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes**—"the finest of clothing ready-to-wear," **Mallory** "cravenetted" **Hats, Interwoven Hosiery, Bates-Street and Wilson Bros. Shirts.**

Then you can figure that the most prominent men will appear no better than you.



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